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THE OLD FLAG:

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OR THE

Spy of Newbern.

A MILITARY DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS.

By G. H. WALKER.

HARTFORD:

"SOLDIERS' RECORD" PRINT.

1870.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES SANFORD, a Southron in the Union army, and a Spy.

COL. SHARPE, of the Confederate army.

CAPT. HOLMES, of the Union army.

MOSES BAILEY, one of the Chivalry.

DAVID JONES, one of the Mudsills.

JIM, an eccentric "Contraband."

SAM, an "Intelligent Negro."

PAT MURPHY, an "Adopted Citizen."

SERGT. WILLIAMS, Confederate.

ALICE, who loves Charles Sanford, but hates the Union.

EMMA, who loves Capt. Holmes, but hates Treason.

MRS. BAILEY, mother of Alice and Emma.

Officers, Soldiers, Negroes, &c.

ALLEGORICAL—Goddess of Liberty, Angel of Death, Guardians of
the Flag, Victor Angels, Family Group.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869,

By G. H. WALKER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

TMP 92-00757C

The Old Flag:

OR THE

SPY OF NEWBERN.

ACT I.

SCENE 1—*Southern plantation. Jim and negroes discovered. Song by JIM,—air “Dixie.”*

If de Yankees come down here on de water,
Dey’ll get killed jes as dey orter—

Get away! Get away!

Get away from Dixie land!

De darkeys leabe de ole plantation,
And fro up mighty big fortifications—

Get away, &c.

Den dey’ll wish dey want in Dixie—

Away, away!

In Dixie land dey’ll neber stand,
For dey’ll all get killed in Dixie—

Away, away!

Away down souf in Dixie!

Ise hearn how dey burns up all creation,
And dat’s what dey call de confiscation—

Get away, &c.

I golly, if dey comes down here to Newbern,
I reckon how dey wont find many niggers to burn—

Get away, &c.

Den dey’ll wish dey want in Dixie, &c.

Jim. Clar out, dar, niggers — clar out, dar, I tells yer! Yere comes massa. Suffin oncommon must hab tuk place, or he'd neber be so arly in de mornin. (*Exeunt negroes.*) Yah, yah, yah! haint dem niggers scared? Reckon dey tinks massa be cross cos he's up so arly in de mornin. Dis nigger aint feared of him. (*Sings and dances.*)

(Enter MOSES BAILEY, R.)

Bailey. Come, come, you good-for nothing nigger, dry up that infernal howling. I have something to tell you that will make you sing a different song. Those murdering Yankees I have told you so much about, have taken Roanoke Island, and—

Jim. (*Frightened.*) Oh, gorra mighty, massa! don't tink dey comes dis way, does yer?

Bailey. That is just exactly what I do think.

Jim. Oh, murder, massa! I—I—Ise a dead nigger, sart'in shuah! What does yer tink dey'll do wid dis chile's remains arter dey've riddled his carcass wid bullets?

Bailey. Oh, Jim, they won't shoot you. You need not expect anything so merciful from them. What do you think they did with the negroes at Roanoke Island?

Jim. Dun'no, massa. I'se hearn how dey butchered dem like pigs down to Bof'ut. Golly! I tink dat be bad 'nuff. P'raps dey crucified 'em up dar.

Bailey. They were roasted alive—burned to a crisp, every mother's son of them.

Jim. Does yer tink dey'll do dat yere, massa?

Bailey. Yes, that's what Burnside does with all the niggers he takes.

Jim. Burnside! Am dat de name of de Yankee gineral?

Bailey. Yes.

Jim. Den ob course ef his name am Burnside he'll

burn all de niggers he gets on his *side*. Tink he come yere, shuah, massa?

Bailey. He will if we can't fight him back.

Jim. Gorra mighty, massa! jes' gub dis nigger a gun, if yer want to see some fightin'. Dis chile hain't 'feared nuffin'.

Bailey. No Jim, I don't want you to fight—niggers can't fight; but there's plenty of work down at the brick-yard, that none but niggers ought to do. Every one we can muster is to be sent down the railroad to the brick-yard, to work on the entrenchments. We are making a trap for those cunning Yankees, and if you work smart and get it done before they come, Burnside instead of leading his men to victory, as he did at Roanoke Island, will lead them into the jaws of death. So come, get your spade and pickaxe, and be off with the rest of the gang. And mind, now, work! Remember that you are working for your life.

Jim. Dis Darkey'll show his cullud bredren how to handle dem noble weapons, de spade and pick axe, sar-tain shuah—dat's a fac'. [Exit L.

Bailey. Ha, ha, ha! Ignorant race of humanity! Little assistance will the Abolitionists get from them.

(Enter EMMA, L.)

Good morning, Emma; you are walking early, are you not?

Emma. Not early for me, father; you know I am up with the sun. But something unusual must have called you up, for you know you are partial to long naps in the morning.

Bailey. Yes, startling news reached us last night. Burnside has taken Roanoke Island, with nearly all the troops that garrisoned the place. It is rumored that this place will be his next point of attack. And perhaps, Emma, you will have an opportunity of seeing

some of those noble sons of the North who so excited your admiration during your stay among the mudsills and greasy mechanics.

Emma. Father, why do you speak with such disdain of those people? You know they are intelligent, brave, enterprising and refined.

Bailey. Enterprising! Yes, too enterprising, for they have undertaken an enterprise now that I trust will prove their ruin. Intelligent! refined! brave! Humph! the cowardly, nigger-stealing-Yankees—they showed their valor at Bull Run, didn't they? Ha-ha-ha! Yankees were not made with long legs for nothing. 'Tis true that, with an overwhelming force, they took the little garrison at Roanoke Island, but they'll find Newbern too hot for them. They'll meet with men who will fight till they die for Southern rights, Southern homes, and Southern independence. [*Emma is about to speak*]. No, not a word! when that light flashes in your eye, I know you are about to eulogize the "Old Flag"; and I am disgusted with both the eulogy and the flag. Have we not a new flag—a new watchword—a new battle-cry—a new declaration of independence? What care we for the musty relics of the past? Our hopes center in the future—there we are to look for liberty and glory, to be won beneath a banner bright and new.

[*Exit, R.*

Emma. Yes, I was about to speak of the good "Old Flag." But no, he cannot listen to words that he feels are true, yet must oppose, while they sink into his soul with withering conviction. Well, if I ought not to grieve his heart, I will gratify my own by singing the good old song. [*Sings "Star Spangled Banner."*

(Enter, COL. SHARPE).

Sharpe. Sweetly sung, my gay warbler; but methinks the "Bonny Blue Flag" would be more appro-

priate for these perilous times—more becoming to a Southern lady—a daughter of one of the leaders in the great cause. But never mind that; I know your whims and caprices. I have something of importance to tell you. We are expecting a visit from the Northern army, and, though in all probability they will never be able to take this strongly fortified place, it is best in all cases to be prepared for any emergency. If by any mistake or treachery, the Yankees chance to be successful in entering this place, no deed will be too bad for them to perpetrate, and all will be exposed to the brutal savages. I have relatives in Goldsboro', who have often desired an acquaintance with your family. Your father is anxious you should go, in order to avoid the danger, and I hope your eccentric notions will not induce you to remain behind.

Emma, (coolly). I will think of it; good day, Sir. I must hurry home, now. I have extended my walk too far already. [Exit, R.]

Sharpe. Ah, well I know that she does not approve of my plan. She is too desirous to fall into the hands of the enemy, hoping thus to meet that lover of hers, a greasy mechanic, I suppose. Well she will find that war sometimes shapes strange destinies,—can make domestic as well as political revolutions. [Exit, L.]

SCENE II. *Parlor in Bailey's house. Mrs. Bailey and Alice discovered seated.*

Mrs. B., (R). Oh dear! how terribly this news has agitated me. I hardly think I shall be able to survive it, my nerves have been so dreadfully shocked.

Who would have thought that those Yankee barbarians would have come way down here. Oh, mercy! what will become of us!

Alice, (L). They will never enter this place, mother.

Think you that our noble defenders, who have sworn to shed their last drop of blood in defense of their homes and families, cannot keep back these cowardly Yankees. Aye, they will fight till the last man lies bleeding, if need be; and should it come to that, my blood, with that of every true daughter of the South, is ready for the sacrifice.

Mrs. B. The Lord knows I don't want to sacrifice my blood, and I don't feel at present as though I had much to sacrifice. It is very easy for men to stand up under bright banners, and swear big oaths about blood, firesides and Southern rights; but when those Yankee gunboats send their bursting shells among them, they get terribly frightened and are so liable to run. Now Alice, you know they *can* run, and if they should, of course the Yankees would run after them; and then what would prevent them from coming right in here and murdering us all? Oh dear I shall die, I know I shall!

Alice. Mother, pray do not talk so foolishly. I tell you the Northern troops can never capture this place; their gunboats will be blown to atoms if they attempt to pass our forts on the river; and the works that are being thrown up at the brick-yard are completely impregnable.

Mrs. B. Well I don't know but what it is so, but those Yankees are such horrible creatures, the very mention of the name almost sends me into hysterics. Oh, the inhuman wretches! what do they want to come way down here for, and murder us all? If they must kill and rob, why can't they go to some foreign country? I don't see how Emma could have staid with them so long as she did. And there is Charles Sanford, your affianced husband. I presume he is in some Northern prison. If he had only come back before the war com-

menced, he would have been safe. But then it would have been just like him to have gone into the army, and that would have been just as bad.

Alice. Oh, yes, had he been here, I am sure he would have been one of the first to strike for our glorious cause. Oh, how proud I should be of him. Of course he would be high in office, for his merits and ability were known and appreciated here. But he is not with us; and there is one noble soul—one brave heart—one strong arm less, to strike for liberty! Therefore I must be so much the more devoted to my country—so much the more generous in my sacrifices.

[Enter, MOSES BAILEY and COL. SHARPE, R].

Sharpe, (L.C.) Good morning, ladies—rather exciting news, last night. You seem to be somewhat agitated, Mrs. Bailey.

Mrs. B., (R.) Oh dear, yes! I have heard so much about those terrible Yankees, that the very thought of them makes my blood run cold. Why, Mr. Bailey, you are not going to have us ladies remain if there is going to be a battle? You know how horribly the sound of firearms affects my nerves. I feel as if I could never sleep again in this town during the war. Can't you send us up to Goldsboro'?

Bailey, (R.C.) It is my intention to do so, and the sooner you go the better. Col. Sharpe has made arrangements with his relatives at Goldsboro', and you will have a pleasant visit.

Mrs. B. Oh, I am so glad! I wish you were going, too; but you have got such big ideas and notions in your head about Southern rights and independence, that I suppose you are bound to stay and get killed But Alice and—

Alice, (L.) No, I will remain behind. There will be work enough for every hand, however feeble, if the heart that prompts be true and strong!

Bailey. (*Aside.*) Noble, girl! How full my pride, how complete my happiness would be if Emma were like her! Why does she manifest such a rebellious spirit? A passion for that Northern scapegrace turns her head.

MUSIC.

[*Enter Emma, dressed in costume of Goddess of Liberty, with an American flag in her hand. All give exclamations of astonishment.*]

EMMA. (*Crossing c.*) Why this surprise? You have not forgotten this costume? and I trust you have not forgotten the poem I recited at the exhibition in this attire, with this same banner in my hand. Those inspiring words of lofty patriotism are as true now as they were then. I will repeat them, and see if they again call forth your enthusiastic applause:

"When Freedom from her mountain-height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of Night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
* * * * *
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel-hands to Valor given—
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

(R.)

EMMA.

(L.)

BAILEY.

SHARPE.

MRS. B.

ALICE.

SCENE 3.—*Wood. Enter Rebel Sentinel (R.) and paces the stage. Relief enters (L.) and the sentinel is relieved by Pat Murphy. Exit Relief (L.)*

Pat. So me beat is from the river to the big black stump yonder. And am I to kape tramping it all the blessed time through these bloody woods and bushes? not if my name's Pat Murphy, and I think it is. Faith I think the first thing I do is to get relieved. Corporal the guard number— What the divil is my number I dunno! Faith I'll ask that long haired chap, down by the brook. I say, Boregard, or what iver yer name is, wud ye mind telling me the number of yer beat; sure I forgot mine entirely. "Sixteen"!—Then mine must be seventeen. Corporal the guard No. 17. Sure I'm bound to take this thing aisy. And why? Ah: bad luck to me didn't thim hathen seceshers enlist me against me own will. And hav'nt I a brother by the name of Tim, fighting beneath the Stars and Stripes, the flag of me adopted country. Who knows but that he's with Burnside and at Roanoke Island this blessed minut. Faith if I thought he was, its to that same place that I'd be going mighty quick. Corporal the guard No. 17, double quick. What the divil was I put here for any way? Let me see, me orders were not to allow any nagers to go sky-larking from their work by the brick-yard, and to arrest all suspicious looking men of aither sex, going to or from the city. Faith I think they're on the lookout for spies. (*Looks around.*) I expect to see them crapeing upon me in all sorts of disguises (*Looks (R.) and listens*) whist? I thought I heard something in the bushes. Halt! who goes there? Beaisy now and halt or I'll fire. Do ye mind now and halt, or I'll blow ye into sassage mate. Halt one! Halt two! Halt three. (*Fires and a pig squeals*). Ah, bad luck to ye Pat Mur-

phy, ye've been and shot a poor little innocent pig. Why the divil don't that Corporal come I dunno? I have it now, its Corporal Smith, and he knows me little game. Sure I'll be aiven with him. Faith its a little slapeing and resting that I nade, and all the spies and nagers may go to the divil. (*Looks R.*) By me soul, if there isn't one of thim black scallawags sneaking away from his work. Sure its Jim, and its tired that he is entirely; I suppose its me duty to halt him and send him back but I hav'nt the heart to do it. A queer chap is that same Jim, I think Ill have some fun now to hide and watch him. (*Looks off L.*) Holy Moses! will ye tell me what is that I dunno? Faith its a boat, and there's a white man and a nager in it. I wonder if that isn't what they'd be after calling suspicious. What the divil do I care if it is. (*Exit, L.*)

(*Enter Jim R. with spade, and throws himself upon the ground.*)

Jim. Dis nigger's tired, sartin shuah, dats a fac. I tinks dis war bisness don't suit my constitution, 'specially de part they 'sign to de cullud pop'lotion of dis yer Southern 'Fedracy. If dis chile could tote a gun, and hab de fun of shoot'n dem Yankees when dey comes yere. But no, dey say nigger good for nuffin but handle de spade and pick-axe, and so dey leave all de darkies widout any weapons to defend dere fire-side against Burnside. Gorra mighty! dem niggers up at Roanoke Island must a'squirmed awfully when dey's roasted. Dar's Sam, so wise and fine-spoken. Reckon he used some perfane swearing when he felt de fire running frough dat wool ob his'n. Golly! If dey ever get dis nigger dey's got to do some mighty tall running. Howsumeber, I must go back and 'sume my labors for de cause of Southern rights; but more

p'ticklar to save dis chile's carcasse from being roasted like a possum. [*Looking off L.*] Wh-wh-who de debble am dat?

(Enter SAM, L.)

Gorra mighty ! how you scart dis nigger.

Sam. Hush ! are you far from the rest of the gang?

Jim. Yes, so far I'se fear'd I shan't get back time 'nuff to save me a flogging. How de debble did you come yere? I fo't dey burns ebery bressed one o' you niggers.

Sam. What made you think so?

Jim. 'Case massa tol' me so?

Sam. Aye, there's where they have been lying to you. Such stuff was preached to us, and some believed it until we fell into their hands, and then we found that their object was not to kill nor enslave, but to liberate us.

Jim. Den wot you down yere for? Wot made yer leave em for if they's such good folks? Reckon your lib'ty wont do you much good yere; fust ye know you'll be diging ditches with spade and pick-axe.

Sam. I don't intend they shall see me here. Listen, and I will tell you my object in leaving the Island; that is, if you will promise to be faithful and give me all the assistance you can.

Jim. Fa'ful? course I'll be fa'ful. You know, Sam, I always stuck to you like a brudder.

Sam. I know it Jim and for that reason I have dared to trust you. 'Tis a hazardous undertaking, and will require the utmost caution.

Jim. How's I to be fa'ful? What's I to be cautious 'bout? Why de debble don't ye come to de pint, and tell dis chile wot's up, and wot yer wants him to do?

Sam. Whom do you think I should meet among the Northern soldiers but Charles Sanford, my old mas-

ter's son. He is a lieutenant in the Union army, and has come down from the Island to this place as a spy; and you know that if he is caught he will be hung. So you see the necessity of keeping this a profound secret, and of aiding Charles in obtaining an interview with some of his friends in the city. Remain here a few moments,—this seems to be a safe place,—while I go for Charles; he is not far off. [Exit, R.]

Jim. Gorra mighty! is'nt dat quare, now? How white folks will lie. Reckon I won't help throw up any more breastworks if de Yankees are gwine to make us free.

(Enter CHARLES and SAM, L.)

Jim. Oh, Massa Charles! I'se right glad to see yer. *(They shake hands.)*

Charles. Well, Jim, I am glad to see you. But I have no time for compliments or ceremony. I wish to make a few inquiries in regard to the people of Newbern. How are your master's folks?

Jim. All smart, massa, 'specially Alice. Since de war broke out she's more beautifuller dan eber. She holds up her head so proud, an' her eyes flash so bright-like, 'specially when she speaks ob Southern rights an' firesides, sacrificing blood, an' all dat sort.

Charles. Just as I feared and expected. She has a noble, self-sacrificing nature, and her zeal is worthy of a better cause.

Jim. Dat's just what she says 'bout Emma, who acts just like Alice, only she don't talk 'bout rights an' firesides, but mostly 'bout de Old Flag an' de Union.

Charles. I am delighted to hear that. How gratifying this will be to my brave captain; for he hardly expected to find his Southern sweetheart true to loyalty. This is greatly owing to her visit to the North. She has learned something of the Northern people.

I would that Alice were less prejudiced; if her head would toss with pride, and her eyes kindle with reverence, when she spoke of the Old Flag and the Union, how it would gladden my heart!—how it would enhance her beauty! how it would strengthen my love! But no: her mind is estranged by a misguided, yet pure and unselfish zeal, for the basest cause a people ever took up arms to maintain. But she will some day see the error of her way; and when the stars and stripes once more float over Newbern and the whole Southern land, she will again revere the glorious emblem of liberty and freedom.

Jim. Dem's big words, massa, sartin shuah, dat's a fac,—and you speaks 'em like a preacher. But I'se 'feared dey'll miss dis chile at de brick-yard, so I must be gwine.

Charles. Stop a moment. Can you carry a note safely to Emma?

Jim. Yes, dat I can. But you don't mean Miss Emma,—you mean Miss Alice, don't yer?

Charles. No, Emma. Now remember, and use the utmost caution.

[*Exit JIM, R.*]

And now Sam, let us reconnoitre and find the safest way for entering the city. We are so familiar with the place I do not anticipate much danger. It is fortunate for us that there is at least one loyal heart in Newbern.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

(Enter PAT MURPHY, L.)

Pat. By the Holy St. Patrick I belave its tragedy that I've just seen and heard. Faith, I think it's me-self that must have a finger in this pie. Sure, it's a dale of help, that I can be after giving that blessed boy Charley with me sacret games. Don't I know many a broth of an Irish boy, down here in the army. And don't I know where every one of their hearts lay.

Hav'nt I seen water in their eyes when they spoke of the Old Flag that's been lost sight of this many a day? And there's old Daddy Piper, a Southerner by birth, but Union to the back bone. Faith it's right straight to his shanty down here in the woods that I'll be after going the first thing. He'll secrate me so I'll be safe; and together we'll lay our plans against harm comes to thim chaps on the way to Newbern. Ah, Charley Sanford, me brave boy! It's a dangerous undertaking ye'r at now, and ye may yet thank Pat Murphy for shirking the duty of sentry. Well, here goes for Daddy Piper's, so good bye, Southern Confederacy. It's Ould Ireland and the American Union, one and inseperable, now and forever. (*Pig grunts.*) Amen, says the pig. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE 4.—*Room in Bailey's House. Door R. Lamp and Union flag on the table.*

[*Enter, EMMA.*]

EMMA. It is nearly time for him to come. I tremble for his safety; yet I think the plan is without danger if Jim proves faithful. (*A knock at the door.*) Come in.

(*Enter, JIM, R.*)

Jim. (*Cautiously.*) Eberyting all right?

Emma. Yes; all the people are away from home except Alice, and I do not think there will be any danger from her.

(*Exit, JIM, R.*)

How strange it seems that Charles should return upon so dangerous a mission. I wonder how Alice will receive him when she learns that he is in the Union army. Were not her love for him so great, I should fear she might betray him.

(*Enter, Charles, R.*)

Charles. Emma!

Emma. Charles! Welcome back to Newbern. Would that I could welcome you beneath the stars and stripes. But nearly a year has now elapsed since the Old Flag floated over Newbern; but I still keep the beautiful symbol in my possession to gladden my sight. [*Takes flag from table.*] I was wrong. I can welcome you beneath the stars and stripes. [*Waves flag and replaces it on table.*]

Charles. Ere another month, I trust that flag will float upon the free, open air of Newbern.

Emma. Excuse my abruptness. But can you tell me anything about George Holmes.

Charles. He is fighting for the Union.

Emma. Ah, well I knew he would be. But where is he?

Charles. He is my own captain, and will soon, I hope, be in Newbern.

Emma. Oh, how delighted I shall be to see him! But I suppose he has forgotten me. Does he ever speak of me?

Charles. He does, indeed; he speaks of little else. (*Alice, without, singing the "Bonny Blue Flag."*) Is that Alice?

Emma. Yes, and she is coming this way. Do you wish to have her see you now? but she is here. [*Mus. Enter Alice with small secession flag.*]

Charles. Alice!

Alice. What—Charles! "Oh, Charles! (*They embrace.*)

Charles. Why, Alice, you look more beautiful than ever.

Alice. Oh, Charles! I am so glad you have returned. Now that you are safe at home you will have a chance to be avenged upon your Northern oppres-

sors. This place will now seem ten-fold more secure, for I shall feel that I have an arm to defend me,—one on which I can rely,—one that I know will strike valiant blows for Southern liberty. Look at our banner! Is it not beautiful? Do you not long to be fighting beneath its folds? Why do you shrink from it? Of course you will fight.

Charles. Yes: but not under that flag!

Alice. What, Charles! false to your native land! traitor to your country! Is there treason in your heart?

Charles. Treason! The emblem of treason is in your hand. I fight beneath the banner that waved over the swords of Washington, Jackson and Scott,—the emblem of Liberty and Freedom!

Alice. Indeed, then you had better join the Federal army.

Charles. I am proud to inform you that I *do* belong to that mighty host of loyal men!

Alice. In the Northern service, and here secretly, in citizen's dress! Then you are a spy!

Charles. And what if I am?

Alice. Then you shall meet—as you deserve—the fate of a spy! (*Lays flag on table and rings bell.*)

Emma. Surely, Alice, you will not betray him?

Alice. It is my duty. The safety of our homes demands it. (*To servant, who enters.*) Go to the hall where they are holding the meeting, and tell father to come home instantly, with a guard. There is a spy in the house, from the Federal army. [*Exit, servant.*]

Emma. Oh, Charles! fly—fly! You may escape them.

Alice. (*Locks and guards the door.*) Not yet, Emma.

Emma. Alice, how can you? Give me that key!

Charles. (*Aside.*) What shall I do? (*To Alice.*)

Oh! have you no mercy? I conjure you in the name of our mutual love, not to betray me! Surely you cannot have become so heartless as to be the means of my detention?

Alice. Charles Sanford! talk not to me of love! I hate you, now! Betray! Have you not betrayed us? Are you not here to aid the cruel invader in gaining access to our homes, that he may pillage, and lay them in ruins? But you shall die the death of a traitor and a spy.

Charles. Can this be the woman whom I so loved?
(*Noise of the guard without. Alice unlocks the door.*)

(*Enter, BAILEY, R. EMMA retires to R. of table.*)

Bailey. What do I see? Charles Sanford! What does this mean? Surely he is not the spy?

Alice. He is.

Bailey. Charles, is this so?

Charles. It were useless to deny it. I am your prisoner.

Bailey. No, Charles; though you are an enemy to our cause, and would betray us, we will be merciful, and spare you.

Charles. Mr. Bailey, 'tis a noble impulse that prompts you to make this offer, with so great peril to yourself, while your look of scorn shows how utterly you despise me. You may think I have lost all honor; but no act of mine shall endanger you or yours. To shield those gray hairs that I so much revere, I will give my life as freely as I offered it to my country—as much yours as mine. Should I escape now, you will be held responsible. Therefore, I repeat, I am your prisoner.

Alice. Ah! the guard has come. I shall see that it does its duty. (*Enter guard, in charge of an officer.*) There is your prisoner!—he has confessed himself a

spy! Charles Sanford, you know your fate. (*Retires to L. of table.*)

Charles. My fate! To die like a felon. No, rather let me meet death in a desperate struggle to escape!

Officer, (R.) Charles Sanford, you are suspected as a spy.

Charles, (L.) And you have come to arrest me?

Officer. I have.

Charles. Then, sir, proceed in the discharge of your duty. (*Aims pistol at officer. Officer and guard shrink back. Picture. Alice comes slowly forward and forces down the arm of Charles, who is seized by the officer and soldier. They struggle, and Charles is thrown on his knee, and the officer and soldier each place a pistol close to the head of Charles. Alice (L.) regards Charles with scorn and triumph. Emma (R.) takes an attitude of entreaty. Bailey, behind Charles, extends his hand to the guard and officer. Tableau—curtain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE 1—*A road through woods. Enter JIM, in charge of six negroes, armed with fowling pieces.*

Jim. Halt! We's got to wait yere awhile till we gets orders from our s'perior officer. (*The men form a line up and down the stage R., facing L. JIM stands in front of them.*)

Jim. Cullud bredren an' feller-sogers: Did yer know dat yer had started on a great an' glorious mission? Did yer know dat yer war gwine to be heroes? Did yer know dat yer war gwine to be martyrs? Did yer know dat yer war gwine to strike a blow for freedom and smash into light'ud all yer yokes of bondage? Hush! 'Tis de silent hour ob midnight; de possom

sleeps; de owl forgets to hoot; dar's mighty big work on hand, and eberyting keeps dark! Dey say niggers can't fight; dat dey get scart and run. Feller-sogers, here am a heart dat knows no fear, and while—(Enter SAM, L. *Strikes JIM on the shoulder. JIM yells, leaps, and runs off R.*)

Sam. He has shown his courage, hasn't he? Well, the rest of you don't seem to be taken that way, and I reckon there are enough left for the work on hand. I will tell you what it is: A party started from the Union army to rescue Charles Sanford from prison. 'Twas impossible for them to pass the picket line without detection, and they were taken prisoners. I managed to pass undiscovered, and am now doing all I can to rescue them. I expect they will be taken to the city to-night, and, if possible, I wish to intercept them as they pass through this wood.

David Jones. (Without.) Gol darn it, I tell ye, I've lost my shoe, and blast me if I go another step further till I get a mate for the one on t'other foot.

Sam. That is David Jones. The guard is bringing the prisoner this way. Now we will step one side, and when I give the word, fire, and then rush to the rescue.

[*Exeunt, L.*

(*Enter the guard, consisting of a sergeant and four men. Two of them are guarding CAPT. HOLMES, the others are dragging DAVID JONES, who has lost his hat and shoe, and is hopping on one foot.*)

David. Blast your picters! Jerus'lem-crickets-gol-darned if I go another step further 'till I've made a requisition on the quartermaster. How the deuce do you think a feller's going to walk all night on one foot? Jerusha knit me that stocking just before I left for the war and darn me if I want to wear it out, and won't wear it out for you, you dirty-looking sneaks. I would

never have surrendered to such scaly-looking soldiers if it hadn't been so dark that I couldn't see yer; and now that the moon has ris, and shown yer dirty carcasses, darn me if I stay surrendered.

(He throws the guard one side and springs forward; the sergeant stops him with his bayonet.)

Serg't. Hold on—not so fast! *(The sergeant and two soldiers cock their muskets and stand around him.)*

David. Well, you've got me surrounded, hain't yer? Darn yer picters, if I was only armed I'd lick the whole lot on yer. Don't stick them things so close to me. Gol-darn-it, they are sharp.

Serg't. Come along with us, then.

David. Not 'till I've got a mate for this shoe. *(Showing a shoe of tremendous pattern.)* Tarnation, I'm tired! *(Sinks upon the ground.)*

Soldier. Come, sergeant, let's not fool with him any longer. You know our orders were to shoot him if he caused us any trouble.

(Jim looks on timidly. The sergeant springs, and drags him forth.)

Serg't. Hullo, what the devil are you sneaking around here for? Who do you belong to?

Jim. Massa Bailey, sar. Please le' me go. I fo't some one else was yere.

Serg't. Thought some one else was here? And who did you think it was?

Jim. Dun'no massa. Golly, le' me go.

Serg't. Not till I have satisfied my suspicion in regard to you. What have you got that shot-gun for? Give it to me. The gun is loaded. What were you doing with this?

Jim. Huntin' possum, massa. I was, massa, now, sartin shuah, dat's a fac.

Serg't. Humph! a likely story. What have you in your pockets?

Jim. Nuffin', massa. I hain't, now, massa, sartin shuah, dat's a fac.

Serg't. Search him, Tom.

(One of the soldiers searches his pockets and finds a letter which he hands to the sergeant, who opens it and reads:—I will meet you between three and four, in the garden. He must be rescued to-night, for to-morrow he is to be executed.)

Serg't. No address—no signature. *(To Jim.)* Who gave you this?

Jim. I'se promised I wouldn't tell, massa.

Serg't. *(Sternly.)* Tell me who gave you this, or I will blow your brains out! *(Points gun at him.)*

Jim. Oh, murder! mercy, massa! Only jes' take dat gun away, and I'll tell you all I knows 'bout it.

David. Consarn yer black picter, can't yer be a man if ye are a nigger? Stick to yer promise if ye are. He won't kill ye, 'cas if he does that'll be money out of his own pocket.

Jim. Golly, dat's so. If massa shoots dis nigger he'll hab to pay eight hun'rd dollar, 'cos Massa Bailey am a mighty big man, and he makes folks do 'jes like he wants 'em to.

Serg't. Well, never mind, it don't make much difference whether we know it or not. Come you dev'lish yankee, if you don't want a bullet through your head.

David. Go ahead, you cold-hearted secesh. You don't look as if you had courage enough to shoot a man, anyhow.

Serg't. We shall see.

(Aims at DAVID. Report of firearms heard, and the sergeant falls dead. SAM and negroes rush on, right and left, and secure the rebel soldiers.)

Jim. *(Who has fallen in a paroxysm of fear)* Murder! murder! Dis nigger's dead! Dis nigger's dead! sartin shuah, dat's a fac.

Sam. Get up, you fool. You're not hurt.

Jim. Golly, Sam, is dat you? Is yer shuah dis chile isn't mortally killed?

Sam. Of course you are not; we did not aim at you.

Capt. Holmes. Ah, Sam, you are as true as steel. I had given up all hope of escape. Ah, that letter this fellow brought must have been for you.

Sam. For me—where is it now?

Captain. The sergeant took it. It is in his pocket. (*SAM searches the pockets of the sergeant, and finds two papers, one of which he hands to CAPT. HOLMES.*) Ah, it is Emma's writing,—precious treasure! (*Presses it to his lips.*)

Sam. What does she write?

Captain. Read! (*Hands letter to SAM.*)

Sam. Ah, 'tis all right; she must have some plan of rescue.

Captain. But how can we enter the city? I fear it will be impossible; but if the rest follow I will make the attempt at any cost.

David. Here's a chap that's wilin' to wear out the best stocking Jerusha ever knit, and claw off all his toe-nails into the bargain, to help get the lieutenant out of this scrape.

Sam. Here, I have a plan. Here is that sergeant's pass that I took from his pocket. (*Reads.*) "*The guard will pass Serg't Williams and squad, with Federal prisoners, to Newbern.*" I have the rebel countersign. We can take the clothes of the soldiers as disguises, and enter the city with you as my prisoners.

Capt. A glorious plan but who will wear the disguises.

Sam. Why, we. Oh! I had forgotten—our color will betray us.

Capt. Oh, heavens! Is there not some way of put-

ting this plan into execution? Oh, God! wilt thou not send us aid?

(Enter PAT. MURPHY.)

Pat. If he won't, here's one that will.

Capt. And who are you?

Pat. Pat. Murphy, to your service, and bosom friend of Charley Sanford. It's Daddy Piper and I that have been working in secret for ye, and it's to his shanty that we must be going mighty quick; and we'll have things fixed up for ye in a jiffy.

David. (*To rebel soldiers.*) Come along, here, you ragamuffins. Want to take your sergeant along, do yer? Wall, I don't care. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—*Prison, with secret door in flat. Charles discovered, pale and haggard, sleeping upon a rude couch. Music.*

(Enter COL. SHARPE.)

Sharpe. (*Looking at Charles.*) How can one sleep so soundly upon the very verge of eternity,—dreaming away in seeming peacefulness his last hours on earth? Ah, Charles Sanford! this is a gloomy ending for a life that opened with such brightness. What a noble, warm-hearted fellow! How proud, how impulsive, how ambitious! But I must not waste my time in expressions of sympathy. If he will serve me as I wish, he can live. (*Calling.*) Charles Sanford!

Charles. (*Starting up.*) Is it morning? well, I am ready. (*Sees Sharpe.*) Ah, Col. Sharpe! What is your pleasure, sir?

Sharpe. I have come to consult you in regard to obtaining for you a reprieve. By taking the proper course, I think you can procure one.

Charles. Well, what am I to do?

Sharpe. Declare your allegiance to the South, and

show your sincerity by revealing to us the secrets of the Northern army.

Charles. Col. Sharpe, have you come here to insult me? You should have known better. (*Turns away.*)

Sharpe. (*Aside.*) I did know him better. This is only a preliminary step. Now for the real point. (*Goes up to Charles.*) Charles Sanford, I respect you for this fidelity, and deeply sympathize with you in your present condition. I am willing to incur great risks to aid your escape; but, in return, I would ask a slight favor—something that will cost you but little time and trouble, and will be of great benefit to me.

Charles. I will do anything in my power that is honorable.

Sharpe. (*Aside.*) That word "honorable" has an ominous sound for me. (*To Charles.*) You know that your comrade, Capt. Holmes, is my rival for the hand of Emma Bailey. But you, with one word, could poison her in his heart forever, and then the field would be left open to me. Promise to do this, and I will place you inside the lines of the Union army.

Charles. Did you ever know me to say a single word that would reflect upon the fair fame of Virtue and Innocence?

Sharpe. You might be telling no more than the truth in this case, although, perhaps, I should say it with some degree of shame.

Charles. (*Scornfully and excitedly.*) I should think you would say it with some degree of shame, vile traitor! (*Regarding him with contempt.*) I remember, now; it was a custom of yours to be continually uttering base insinuations like this. And, know you, that I regard such a man as the most detestable creature on earth.

Sharpe. I hope, Charles, that you will fully con-

sider this matter, before deciding. Oblige me in this, and I will aid you and your cause with all the means at my command. I will enter your service, and give all the information I can.

Charles. Col. Sharpe, the object of your visit here to-night has most signally failed, but you have been wonderfully successful in belittling yourself in my eyes.

Sharpe. I expected from you more sympathy than this. You know what it is to love a woman who is bitterly opposed to the cause for which you have staked your life.

Charles. How do you know that? Do you think I love Alice Bailey now? Look! see what she has done. Would it seem strange if I hated her? If I carried your black heart in my breast, I fear that I might curse her with my dying breath!

Sharpe. (*Aside.*) Now, that's what I call genuine hatred. He utterly loathes that woman. I think he is prepared to believe almost anything of her that is bad. I will try it—it may be gaining a step for me. (*To Charles.*) I do not wonder that you despise that girl. She must seem little less than a deliberate murderess, to you.

Charles. Even worse than that!—and to think that I once respected her so much. Who would think that one could so change, as she has?

Sharpe. You may well ask that. Only a few years ago she bore an untarnished reputation; now see what she is. How rapidly women fall after the first downward step.

Charles. What do you mean?

Sharpe. Why! do you not know? It would not take you long on the streets of Newbern to find out what Alice Bailey is.

Charles. (*Dashing Sharpe to the floor, and standing over him.*) Villain! how dare you, in my presence, make an accusation so false! Heap all the bitter epithets you choose upon her for what she has done to me,—for what she has done to our country,—but breathe not one word against the womanly virtue of Alice Bailey.

Sharpe. (*After Rising.*) Why—

Charles. Don't speak to me; every word you utter is tainted with the filth that fills your whole mind. Leave; this cell is gloomy enough without your blackening presence. (*Exit, Sharpe, R.*) Oh, what emotions has this awakened! In defending her honor, my sympathy has gone out towards her, and the struggle in my heart must again be repeated! (*Impressive.*)

(*Enter, BAILEY, R.*)

Bailey. I have just seen Col. Sharpe, who says you will not accept the proffered terms for your reprieve. I did not expect you would. I have not come here to urge you further, for I know it would be useless. Charles, I hope you do not think I have had the least to do in bringing you to this. I have done all for you that was possible for one in my situation.

Charles. Mr. Bailey, I have never entertained one hard thought against you. I knew you would do all you could to aid me; and believe me, I am truly grateful.

Bailey. I could have done no more for one of my own family; and, indeed, my affection for you has been little less than that of a father. I always looked upon you as a son. I have watched your progress in life with the deepest interest. I have noticed, with pride, the noble qualities of your heart and mind, and have been in deep sympathy with the lofty aspirations

that have inspired your labors. And more recently, your unflinching devotion to principle has awakened unbounded admiration. I can well understand your love for the Old Flag. You always had an ambition for martial renown, and, from a child, possessed a strange reverence for the Stars and Stripes. And, Charles, though I would not breathe it to another, I will say it to you—with all my hatred for the North, with all the confidence I have in the righteousness of our cause, there is one thing that holds me back from a complete consecration to the work,—and that is, the memory of the Old Flag! (*Both stand, visibly affected, while the orchestra plays a short strain of the "Star Spangled Banner."*)

Charles. Oh, Mr. Bailey! if you could only renew your allegiance to the Flag and the Union. I see that there is a spark of loyalty still slumbering in your breast. Oh! cannot the words of a friend, standing upon the brink of the grave, a martyr to his country, fan that spark to a flame?

Bailey. No, Charles, I cannot harbor such thoughts. I have never for a moment meditated a step in that direction. I should never experience these moments of wavering but from your example, and the words of Emma that are daily sounded in my ears.

Charles. I presume it is useless for me to implore you; but it would take so much from the pain of death to know that you were changed in this.

Bailey. Well, Charles, I must go; but it is hard to say good-bye. (*Takes his hand.*) God bless you, Charles; you are going to a better world than this—good-bye.

Charles. (*Choked with emotion.*) God bless you.
(Exit, BAILEY.)

I had nerved myself to meet death like a man, but I

was not prepared for words of sympathy and affection, and I am breaking down beneath the load. (*Throws himself upon the couch, and covers his face with his hands.*)

(*Music. Enter ALICE. She lays her hand upon the shoulder of Charles, after watching him awhile with emotion. He starts up.*)

Alice. Why, Charles! you did not start that way once when I approached you.

Charles. Once! Alice, why have you come to torture me? Why are you here?

Alice. Do you think I could stay away, when you, the only man I ever loved, is to die at sunrise? Hour after hour I lay, and could not sleep. Oh, Charles! I have been living my life over again to-night, and lost in my reveries, I was happy again. Yes, happy. We wandered again by the river bank; we floated again upon the glassy bosom of the stream, and, drifting with the tide, watched the golden sunset. We sat side by side, as when you declared your love, and gave me a rose at parting; and when I recalled that, I flew at once to find the precious treasure. Withered, indeed, but still fragrant. (*Produces flower, presses it to her lips, and presents it to Charles.*) Do you remember this?

Charles. Alice, why do you recall such things!

Alice. Can I ever forget them?

Charles. No, but you need not repeat them to me; it is unnecessary to bring me this misery. What has wrought this change in you?

Alice. Are you sure the change is all in me? Can you blame me for being faithful to the land that gave me birth,—that gave me a home,—that gave me your love?

Charles. Can you blame me for being faithful to the flag of our fathers, that always protected that

land,—the only one that can? Oh, the scenes of my childhood! I have not seen them beneath the light of day, since my return, and on the morrow, when I am led forth to execution, I shall behold them for the last time. (*Wildly.*) And you have been the cause of all this! Leave me, lest in my mad despair I spurn thee!

Alice. Charles, be calm. It need not be the last time.

Charles. What do you mean?

Alice. I possess the means to liberate you.

Charles. But do you possess the will?

Alice. Yes; that is my object in coming here to-night. Oh, Charles! all the energies of my being have been bent upon the great cause of Southern independence, leaving no room for other thoughts or emotions. But to-night the fearful reality of your situation, and my connection with it, burst suddenly upon my mind. My heart relented, and I am here to offer you liberty; but only on one condition, and that is that you will fight for the South. Our leading men have expressed their wish to pardon you, if you will do this. I have been so indignant over your recent conduct, that, though earnestly solicited, I have refused to use my influence with you to this end. Come, Charles, for the sake of the love we bear each other, you will yield to my request, and bring happiness to both. What is your answer?

Charles. I cannot do it.

Alice. Charles, you see that you hold your life in your own hands.

Charles. I cannot accept the conditions you impose.

Alice. Then you must die.

Charles. And you will have done a noble deed!

Alice. I will have done my duty.

Charles. (*Taking Alice's hand and speaking with calmness and resignation.*) Then, Alice, my fate is fixed. Leave me, for I must prepare for death.

Alice. Oh, Charles, I cannot give you up. The opposing principles to which we each so firmly cling are indeed deeply rooted in our hearts, yet love is rooted more deeply. Let us renounce our principles and live for each other. We can leave this prison, and with the favor of kind Providence, quit this troubled land until the war is over.

Charles. I will never renounce the cause of Freedom!

Alice. (*Calming herself with great effort and changing her manner.*) Then I can never relinquish the cause of independence. Oh, why did I falter in the course I had solemnly sworn to follow! But now my heart is steeled, and no power on earth shall cause me to turn from my purpose.

[*Enter CAPT. HOLMES and EMMA, through the secret door in the flat. Alice sinks into a seat, fainting.*]

Charles. Capt. Holmes! you here? Why have you thus periled your life?

Captain. To save a comrade's.

Charles. Brave, noble Captain! But how was it possible for you to enter the town?

Captain. I have not time to tell you now. We met with help where we little expected it. There has been treachery in the rebel camp to-night, brought about through the influence of a true Union man. A small fortification near the mouth of the Trent is in our possession, where a boat is waiting to bear us away. We are playing a desperate game, and some in the rebel army are taking fearful risks, through their attachment to you.

David. (*Outside.*) Jerus'lem crickets! why in thunder don't you hurry up in there? My toes are getting

awful cold, standing on these pesky bricks, with nothin' but stockin's on. Gol-darn-it, don't you know it's the month of February?

Captain. We must fly, instantly. Come, Charles,—come, Emma. (*They are about to leave.*)

* *Emma.* Stay. I must speak with Alice before I go. It is necessary that I leave a message with her, if I go with you.

David. (*Entering.*) Darnation! let it go till some other time. Don't you see yer can't speak to her now, and before she comes to, we shall all be gobbled up by them tarnal gray backs. I swow to gosh! this thing is gittin' to be kind'a tick'lish.

Emma. The rest need not wait. I can rejoin you at the boat.

Captain. All may go except myself. I will remain behind with Emma. Not a word, Charles. There is no time to spare. Remember that the gallows is already erected for you. Away! quick, if you would save your life. (*Exit, Charles and David. Emma goes to Alice and tries to arouse her.*)

Emma. Alice! Alice! If she would only awake to consciousness, it would require only a moment. Alice! (*Discharge of firearms heard without.*) Ah, it is too late to escape! The guard is aroused! (*Locks secret door.*) If you are left in this room there is a chance for you to escape. Here is the key to the secret door: this is the way to use it. This side of the prison is likely to be unguarded, and when you are left alone, you can escape.

[Enter, COL. SHARPE and soldiers.]

Sharpe. Emma,—you here! Alice,—fainting! What is this! Who is this stranger?

Emma. Capt. Holmes, of the Union army.

Sharpe. Ah, your lover and my rival? Ha! ha! now he is in my power. Has Charles escaped?

Emma. He has.

Sharpe. Well, I do not much regret it. He was led astray by the smooth tongues of those Northern fanatics, and now one of them is in our power, and he shall feel my vengeance. He shall die upon the gallows erected for Charles Sanford. Come, Emma, we had better leave him to his own pleasant reflections. Alice has revived. (*All go out except Capt. Holmes.* *Music.—Holmes looks through the grate.*)

Capt. Now is the time to escape, before the guard is placed upon this side. (*Exit through secret door.*)

SCENE 3.—*Room in Bailey's house. Firearms heard on the street. Enter MRS. BAILEY, terribly frightened.*

Mrs. Bailey. Oh, dear, mercy on us! The Yankees have really come at last; they are right upon us this very minute. Where in the world can the girls be?—they are not in their room. Those horrid brutes must have come and carried them off. Oh, dear, what shall we do? Good heavens! now they are coming into this room after me. (*Enter Col. Sharpe, Alice and Emma.*) Oh, brave Colonel, you have rescued my daughters from the hands of those infamous Yankees. Why Alice, how pale you look! Well I suppose you were dreadfully frightened. Come with me dear girl, and I will find something to revive you. The Colonel will take care of Emma. [*Exit Alice and Mrs. B.*]

Sharpe. Well, my little traitoress, your plan of escaping with your lover did not succeed, did it? I must look out for you in future. Come, come, Emma, why do you spurn me thus? Your father is anxious for our union. I have wealth enough to give you position. You were wont to look favorably upon my suit before your visit to the North, where you acquired such romantic ideas, and were completely carried away

by this stranger, who would long ago have forgotten you, only that he desired to enter our town through your assistance. But why need we talk of him? He will be hung to-morrow as a spy. There will be no delay in his case,—no one will interfere in his behalf,—there will be no sympathy for him here.

Emma. He will at least have mine.

Sharpe. Your sympathy cannot tear down his prison walls, nor change his fate; and I shall take care that you do not aid him. I have left him well guarded,—no treacherous sentinel is now at the door to pass any one to his rescue.

Emma. (*Aside.*) He is deceived in regard to the way we entered the prison. He knows not of the secret entrance. There is yet hope of Capt. Holmes's escape.

Sharpe. Come with me, now; I dare not trust you from my sight, at present. We have a place for women of your sentiments.

Emma. Unhand me sir! I am not your prisoner.

Sharpe. The public safety demands that I should make you so.

[Enter CAPT. HOLMES, *with pistol.*]

Capt. And my safety demands you should not, sir! One word and you are a dead man. Come, Emma, we have yet time to escape.

Emma. But how shall we avoid pursuit?

Capt. This man must in some manner be detained here; but how.

Emma. Here, we can lock him in this closet.

Capt. (*Presenting pistol.*) Walk into that closet. Silence! The slightest pressure of my finger will send you into eternity. (*Sharpe enters the closet and is locked in. Capt. and Emma go out. Sharpe shouts in the closet. MRS. BAILEY enters, and looks about the room in terror*

and dismay. *She screams, drops her candle and runs off.*
Sharpe continues to shout. Enter MR. and MRS. BAILEY.)

Mrs. B. Oh, dear! dear! what a terrible night this has been. I told you, Mr. Bailey, that the Yankees had possession of the town, in overwhelming numbers, but you would not believe me; and now here they are, right in our very midst, committing their ravages, and no one to oppose them. They have just been here and carried off Emma and Col. Sharpe, and now they are all over the house; I can hear them shout from cellar to attic.

Sharpe. Mr. Bailey! Mr. Bailey!

Bailey. Some one is in the closet. It is Col. Sharpe.
(Goes to the closet door.) How came you in there?

Sharpe. I was locked in by Emma.

Bailey. *(Aside.)* Oh, it is merely one of her jokes.
(To Sharpe.) Where is she now?

Sharpe. She is gone.

Bailey. Where—with whom?

Sharpe. With Capt. Holmes.

Bailey. Capt. Holmes?

Sharpe. The Federal spy.

Mrs. B. There, I told you the Yankees had been here. Oh, dear, what shall we do?

Bailey. I thought he was in prison, and guarded beyond all chance of escape. How can you account for this.

Sharpe. I don't know; there must have been treachery.

Bailey. I will make pursuit at once.

Sharpe. But first let me out, I am suffocating.

Bailey. Have you a key, Mrs. Bailey?

Mrs. B. Yes, I believe so. *(Feels in her pockets.)*
Where in the world can I have put that key? *(Looks on table and shelf.)* It must be about the house somewhere.
[Exit.]

Sharpe. Why don't you let me out? It's terrible close in here.

Bailey. My wife is looking for the key.

Sharpe. Perhaps Emma may have taken it with her.

Bailey. Quite likely, but I have some keys in my pocket. Perhaps one of them may fit. (*Feels in his pocket.*) Oh, confound it! they are in my other coat pocket. Be patient and I will try and find a key. (*Goes out and returns with a large bunch of keys, and after several trials opens the door and Sharpe steps out.*)

Sharpe. Somebody shall pay for this.

Bailey. This then is the work of that Holmes. I would be avenged on him for this.

Sharpe. I will. (*Aside.*) And on her, too. She will find that she has aroused the vengeance of a desperate man. (*To Bailey.*) Come, let us hasten in pursuit.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*Interior of a small Fort. Enter DAVID JONES, R.*

David. I wonder if they call this old mud consarn a fort. (*Looks downward off stage, R.*) I suppose that hole leads down to the magazine. Wonder if I couldn't fix some way to bust this old thing up after we leave it? (*Examines more closely.*) Hullo! what in timenation is this? I'll be gol darned if some one hasn't laid a train of powder down to the magazine, and put a fuse here, all ready to light. That's some of the Cap'n's work. He's got some all-fired big scheme in his head. Thunder and lightning! if there isn't a streak of daylight. Where has this night gone to? Why in time don't them critters come along? Darned if I believe we are ever going to get out of this scrape alive. The boys have been packed away down there in the boat for over half-an-hour; and if they'd all got along we

might have got off as slick as grease. The Cap'n's just bewildered arter that gal. When he got so nicely out of prison, and came here and found us all safe, and waiting for him why in thunder didn't he jump into the boat and let us shove off, and trust the gal to Providence till Burnside come. Of course she'd be safe with her own folks, and I told him so. But he muttered something about strange for'bodings, flung up his arms and yelled out "Away! away! Stay not for me. Save yourselves," and rushed off in a darned hurry.

[*Enter CHARLES, R.*]

Charles. Do you see anything of them yet, David?

David. Gol-darn-it, no. It begins to grow daylight, and I begin to grow skeerish.

Charles. Keep up your courage, David.

David. Gosh-all- firelocks! don't I? But this 'ere is roughing of it a little too much for one night. Oh, Greenland! how cold my toes be. I guess I'd stand a small show for my life if I was up in old Varmount to-night, in this shape. Gol-darn-it, Lieutenant, I don't know how it is, but I keep thinking of pa and marm, and the boys and gals, and Jerusha. Oh, what would Jerusha say if she could see me using these stockings in this style. Darn me if I ain't homesick. If ever I get out of this outlandish place and get safe home, I'll never leave again. Don't this old hole make you homesick, Lieutenant?. Darn it! don't yer think sometimes that yer'll never see home again?

Charles. David, *this* is my home. Homesick! Were your lot like mine you might be heartsick. Where we now stand is the most sacred spot to me on earth. Hour after hour; I have spent in this vicinity, in my happy childhood. Where yonder boat lays moored was my little harbor, where Alice and I when children,

sent forth our little boats laden with mimic merchandise. And there over the water—

David. Oh, don't say any more. I shall boo-hoo, right out. I had a little harbor,—Jerusha and I had little boats,—way up on Onion river.

[*Enter* CAPT. HOLMES, *hastily*, L.]

Capt. We are pursued by a whole company.

David. Then we are gone suckers.

Capt. No: I am prepared for the emergency. This fuse connects with the magazine. It will explode in a few seconds after being lighted. Hasten to the boat. It is sheltered by the steep bank, and will be safe. I will wait till the troops are close upon us, when I will apply the match and join you. In the confusion we will be able to escape. We shall go up the Trent, while they will look for us down stream. [*Exit all but Capt. Holmes*, R.] Now I will watch for their approach.

[*Exit* L.]

[*MUSIC.* *Enter* ALICE, R.]

Alice. I must not obey the impulse of my heart. It is strange that I am subject to such weakness. I know my duty to my country,—why should I thus waver between patriotism and love. Ah, Captain Holmes is returning. I must prevent the explosion. [*Exit* R.]

MUSIC. *Enter* Capt. Holmes, L. *He lights the fuse, and exit* R. *Enter* Alice R., *and removes the fuse.*]

Alice. It is done; but my heart already relents. There comes the force with Col. Sharpe at its head. They are seeking the life of the dearest object to me on earth. It is no use,—I must defend him. Love has triumphed. What am I doing? I must not relight the fuse. Why do I thus forget my duty? God give me strength to perform it. (*With an effort moves off* R. *Music.*)

[*Enter* COL. SHARPE, *with soldiers*, L.]

Sharpe. (*Looking at the magazine.*) What is this? Some one has been meddling with the magazine. Good heavens! here is a fuse and a train of powder. (*Looks again.*) No it is not lighted. Some one has extinguished it. Who can it be?

Alice. (*Entering.*) It was I.

Sharpe. Ah, then you have still love enough left for the Southern cause to aid us.

Alice. Yes, and love for Charles Sanford so great that my heart has not strength enough to betray him. (*Points pistol at the magazine.*) The discharge of this pistol will fire the magazine! Advance one step, or stir from your track, until yonder boat has had time to escape, and you are blown to destruction! (*Speaking off.*) Charles Sanford, your pursuers are held in check! Hasten to escape! 'Tis the hand of Alice that saves you at last!

TABLEAU.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Interior of house outside of Newbern. Jim and negroes discovered. Jim sings "Kingdom Coming."*

Jim. Yah! yah! yah! Dis am de most glorious ting I ever yeard tell on. De Yankees, dey come way down yere wid a mighty big heap of sogers, to take dis place and set all us niggers free. Golly! arn't dis a bressed ting for de cullud people? I tinks we's a heap better off den de white folks. Our massas hab to shoulder der muskets, and fight der own battle for independence, while we hab some one to fight our'n for us. Now, darkies, jes' look a'yer. Don't yer eber let me hear yer cuss yerselbs fur bein' brack, cos if yer's white yer'd have ter strike yer own blows for

freedom. Well, niggers, let's go to bed, cos I 'spect der's gwine to be lots ob fun to-morrow, and I wants to hab a good night's sleep. [Exeunt R.]

[Enter, EMMA, L.]

Emma. Oh, dear! I am all anxiety. I am so fearful of the result of to-morrow's battle. Our people are making such extensive preparations for defense, it must be very doubtful if the Federal forces can succeed; and if they do not, what will become of me? I dare not return to my home, and be exposed to the power and vengeance of Col. Sharpe. I wish I had fled with Capt. Holmes to the Union army, or could have remained at the house where he left me. Then I should have been able to communicate with him now. (Enter SAM, R.) Ah, Sam, have you come from the Union army?

Sam. Yes, Misses, I have. Captain Holmes sent me in search of you as soon as we halted, to-night; but I could not find you where we left you, and I have been hunting for you ever since.

Emma. Yes, Sam, I was obliged to leave that place. Col. Sharpe, by some means, discovered my place of concealment; but, thanks to Jim, who was on the lookout, I was warned in time. He has vowed a terrible vengeance upon me, and I tremble lest I should fall into his hands.

Sam. You have no need of further anxiety. I will go instantly to the Captain; and when he learns of your fears, he will give you instant aid.

Emma. Oh, Sam, how can I ever repay you for your faithfulness?

Sam. I am fully repaid. Many times have I faced death, and I am willing to meet it, if thereby I can aid the cause of the Union and my race. Had all my brothers been blessed with my advantages, they could

now strike a telling blow for freedom. Ah, it is well for the South that her slaves are kept in ignorance; that she holds them down as brutes, by cultivating only their brutish natures. But I feel that the time is coming when their manhood will be developed and acknowledged the world over. (*Noise heard outside.*)

Emma. Ah, who is that? (*Looks out of the window.*) They are Confederate soldiers! Away! away! if you are found here you are lost. Your connection with the Union army is known, and a reward is offered for your capture. [*Exit EMMA and SAM, L.*]

[*Enter Col. SHARPE and soldiers, R.*]

Sharpe. Search the house from cellar to attic. She must be found to-night, for it is probably her intention to reach the Federal army. The information she could give them would be of great value to them. (*Soldiers exit, L.*) Ha! ha! That was well done! That makes it appear that I am only anxious to do my duty; but my real object is to get her in my power, and then we shall see whose turn it will be to triumph. (*Exit L. Music.*)

[*Enter Alice cautiously.*]

Alice. Little does Emma suspect that I am thus watching over her. She will receive aid from her friends if Sam succeeds in reaching the Federal lines. But if he fails I must rely upon my own efforts for her defense. My arm is indeed feeble to combat with such villainy, but with God's help, I may in some way render her assistance. (*Noise without.*) Ah, they have discovered some one. Should it be Emma. I will retire, and watch them as they enter. Oh God, give me power to thwart this villain. (*Exit R. Enter COL. SHARPE and SOLDIERS with SAM, L.*)

Sharpe. Ah, you black scoundrel! we've got you at last, and now you shall meet what you deserve.

There shall be no delay in this case. Two spies have escaped me already. I shall take care that you do not. (*To one of the soldiers.*) Call in those negroes, that they may witness his fate. (*Exit SOLDIER, L.*) Now, you black traitor say your prayers, for your time has come.

[*Enter JIM and NEGROES, L.*]

I want you to see how niggers are served when they aid our enemies..

Jim. Oh, golly! arn't dis orful?

(*SAM kneels and SHARPE puts pistol to his head. ALICE enters and strikes the weapon up as it is fired. NEGROES rush off L. SHARPE stands in amazement.*)

Alice. Col. Sharpe, you exceed your authority. You shall not commit so inhuman an act.

Sharpe. Alice, I am in command here by Confederate authority.

Alice. And I sir, am here in the name of humanity to prevent you from the commission of so infamous a crime by giving you a little time for reflection.

Sharpe. You are a strange girl. Where is all your love for the Southern cause? Has it left your heart altogether.

Alice. (*Earnestly.*) I am afraid it was never there. Not in the heart,—not in the heart. [*Exit R.*]

Sharpe. Stay!—Well, I am least rid of her. She must be insane. Perhaps she should be be looked after. Well, I have no time to spare. Have you searched the house thoroughly?

Soldier. Yes, sir.

Sharpe. I am sure she is in the house. There must have been some hiding place that you have not discovered. Away with the prisoner, and see that he is safely guarded. We will search the house once more.

[*Exeunt L.*]

[*Enter ALICE, R.*]

Alice. If she is discovered, what will become of her? Word must be got to the Federal lines at once, and I will go.

SCENE 2 — *Wood.* *David and Union soldiers discovered.*

(*Enter PAT MURPHY, L.*)

Pat. Holy Moses! how it rains! Faith, I came near being drowned between thim two logs. Sure, an' didn't I fight two hours wid David Jones for the place. It wasn't long before a big river made its channel there, and me body dammed it into a big lake above me. Faith, when I got up, I damned it into a big lake below me. Ah, Pat Murphy, it was a great weakness in ye when yer patriotism tuk ye up to Roanoke Island, to enlist as a common soldier. Divil a bit did I find there of me brother Tim; it's with Little Mac that they say he is. Well, never mind, Pat, yer learning the trade of a soldier, and there's many a broth of an Irish boy that's learning the same trick, and some day ye'll see them striking a blow for Ould Ireland. Well, here seems to be a dry place, so I think I'll try and get some sleep. The boys are sleeping as happy as clams in high water. And there's David Jones snoring away like a porpoise. Sure, he feels mighty big since he got promoted to corporal for notorious conduct. (*Lights an old clay pipe, lies down, scolds David for snoring, etc., etc., and goes to sleep.*)

(*Music. Enter CHARLES and CAPT. HOLMES.*)

Capt. You are foolish, Charles, to let such vague ideas affect you thus. Come, come, throw off this despondency.

Charles. I cannot help it, George. This strange presentiment has seized me, and I cannot shake it off.

Something tells me that I shall fall in the approaching battle, and I cannot help feeling sad and gloomy when I think of home, where anxious hearts are praying for my safety. It grieves me to remember that I am here against my father's wish; for, although for years a resident at the North, his sympathies are still with his native State. And she whom I loved better than all else on earth, is now mine enemy. If *she* were only true to me and to the Union, I could die content.

Capt. Nonsense, Charles, don't talk thus; look at the bright side. When the Old Flag again floats over Newbern, the devotion of Alice will be renewed.

Charles. (*Solemnly.*) I do not look for any reunion on earth, George.

(*David, who is lying on the ground, rises and comes forward. He has been promoted to corporal.*)

David. Gol-darned if I ain't about froze. I believe I'm wet clean to my skin. I don't believe this kind of life agrees with me. My marm would be in a terrible stew if she knew I was sleeping on the bare ground, without any shelter, when it rains pitchforks in this way. It's mighty strange how it rains every night we camp out. I say, Cap'n, ain't it most morning?

Capt. It's nearly twelve o'clock.

David. This is the gol-darndest long night I ever see. I wish morning would come. I want to be pitch-in' into them cussed secesh. I ain't forgot the time they had me pris'ner, confound their picters! If I don't walk into 'em to-morrow my name ain't David Jones.

Capt. Well, corporal, it is time for your relief. Arouse your men as quietly as possible. [*Exit Captain and Charles, R.*]

David. (*Going to first soldier and shaking him.*) Pat! Pat! it's time to go on guard. Come, come, Pat Murphy!

Pat. To the divil wid yer guard! Shure, an' wat wud ye be afther guarding to-night? (*Uncovers his head.*) Och, murther! a big drap of wather tuk me plum in the eye. (*Rises, rubs his eyes, yawns, and looks about.*) What the divil did ye wake me up first for?

David. Come, gol-darn it! why don't yer get up?

Pat. Well, wake up the rest, and I'll be wid ye. (*Lies down.*)

[*David wakes up the other soldiers, shaking them, and telling each it is time to go on guard, etc. He gets them up in line, counts them, and finds that one is missing.*]

David. Blast my picter, if that Pat Murphy ain't gone to sleep again. (*Goes to Pat and gives him a kick.*)

Pat. (*Springing up.*) Och, murther! wud ye be afther killing me intirely wid thim big gunboats that ye wear on the two feets of ye.

David. Well then, gol-darn it! don't play possum. [*He marches the guard off L.*]

[*Enter Capt. HOLMES and CHARLES, R.*]

Capt. I think I shall try to sleep for a while. (*Lies down.*) This is rather rough, I must say, but as the Colonel says, it's all for the Union. (*Covers himself with blanket. Music. Charles paces back and forth in deep thought.*) Are you not going to sleep, Charles?

Charles. Not to night.

Capt. Well, you won't have much time to sleep to morrow.

Charles. (*Aside.*) To-morrow? To-morrow I may take my last sleep! (*Music. He continues to walk.*) George! (*Goes up to him.*) George! He sleeps. I have something I would tell him,—something that weighs upon my mind; but I will not disturb him. Let him dream—dream of love—for his brightest dreams may be realized. Not so with me, My dream of love is past. [*Exit R.*]

[*Enter* DAVID, L.]

David. I swow to gosh! these are awful rough times. I never see the beat of it in all my born days. It's always my luck to be on picket when it rains. Timenation! I'm tired, and hungry, and sleepy, and discouraged, and homesick, and everything else. If I'd only jest have known that I'd got to go through such confounded scrapes as this, I should have staid to hum. But then gol-darn it, I couldn't help enlisting. I got so excited over big guns and great speeches that I felt that I would like to walk through about a dozen of them confounded traitors; and blast my picter if I don't! Darn their sneaking, cowardly hides, to trample our glorious old flag under their nasty huffs, and hist their old dirty secession rag. Who in thunder cares for the rain? I'd wade through fire and and water jes' to get my paw on to one of them fellers. Well, I've got to keep my eyes peeled about this picket business. [*Exit* R.]

(*Music.* *Enter* ALICE, cautiously, L. *Looks at Capt. Holmes.*)

Alice. It must be that I am within the lines of the Federal army. Here is one of its officers. I will wake him, and perhaps he can aid me. (*Goes up to Capt. Holmes and bends over him.* *Enter* CHARLES, R. *He starts on beholding Alice, who does not observe him. He walks up to her, touches her arm, and speaks her name. She starts up, and a dagger falls from beneath her cloak.* *Music.*)

Charles. [*Picking up the dagger.*] What means this, Alice? Has your maddened zeal led you to this? A dagger in your hand, searching the faces of sleeping soldiers! 'Twas indeed fortunate that I did not sleep.

Alice. Charles, do I deserve this terrible accusation? My mission is to save, not to destroy. I have a message for Capt. Holmes. Can you show him to me?

Charles. (*Wakes George, and they come forward to Alice.*)

Alice. I have a message for you, Captain Holmes.

Capt. Is it from Emma?

Alice. Yes; she needs your aid instantly.

Capt. Is she exposed to danger? Why did not Sam return? He promised to, if my help was needed.

Alice. He did attempt to return, but was taken prisoner. Emma is concealed in a planter's house near by, and Col. Sharpe, with a squad of men, has possession of the house. They were searching for her when I left.

Capt. Can you lead me to the place?

Alice. I can.

(*Enter DAVID JONES, R.*)

Capt. David, Emma is in danger, and needs our help.

David. I'm just the chap you want; so lead on, and I will follow. We'll fix em. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE 3.—*Same as first scene.*

(*Enter three rebel soldiers, R.*)

First Soldier. Where the deuce is that nigger? He said he was going to bring us more whiskey.

Second Soldier. What yer want of more whiskey? we've had too much already. (*Yawns.*) How confounded sleepy I am? (*Lies down.*)

Third Soldier. (*Rubbing his eyes, and slightly staggering.*) We musn't go to sleep, John; you know we are on guard. (*All seem to be under the influence of some powerful opiate, and are soon fast asleep on the floor.*)

(*Enter JIM, L.*)

Jim. Gorra mighty! 'Pears like yer won't trouble anybody much for the present, sartin shuah, dat's a

fac. I reckons misses wouldn't hab put so much laudalum into dat whiskey if she'd 'sposed yes gwine to make such beasts o' yerselves. *[Exit, R.]*

[Music. Enter EMMA, L.]

Emma. Ah, the plan has succeeded. The men are all deeply drugged, and Jim has doubtless liberated Sam, who can soon obtain assistance. I will remove the arms of the soldiers, so that, if they awake from their stupor, they will have no means of defense. *(Music, she carries off, L., two guns, and, as she is returning for the third, encounters Sharpe, who enters R. Music chords.)*

Sharpe. Ah, ha! so I have found you at last. You thought to elude me; but you are now in my power. *(He seizes her, and is dragging her to the door, when Capt. Holmes and David enter, and Sharpe is secured.)*

Capt. Now, Emma, you are safe, and this villain that threatens you shall persecute you no more.

Emma. But how did you discover my place of concealment? Sam has been detained by Col. Sharpe, and I thought no word could be sent you.

Capt. There has been one watching your welfare of whom you little dreamed; one who has repeatedly foiled your enemies, and was the only one who had the power to inform me of your situation, when the fates seemed turned against you.

Emma. Who can have done this for me?

[Enter ALICE and CHARLES, R.]

Capt. Your sister, Alice.

(Alice and Emma, each exclaiming "sister!" rush into each other's embrace.)

David. *(Holding Sharpe.)* Come, gol-darn ye, I'll fix yer if yer don't stop that squirming.

Capt. Don't hold him so closely, David; he can do no harm.

(*David releases Sharpe, who springs forward and draws a knife from his side pocket, and aims a blow at the breast of Emma, exclaiming "Now my vengeance is certain." David draws revolver and shoots Sharpe, before the blow is delivered. The ladies scream, and recoil in horror.*)

David. There, you contemptible brute! you everlasting sneak! How do you like that pill? (*Firing heard outside.*)

Capt. That calls us to our posts. The work has begun. Emma, your enemy will haunt you no more; the safest place for you now is beneath your father's roof.

Emma. It is growing light, and we can safely make our way home.

[*Exeunt—gentlemen R., ladies L. Enter JIM, R.*]

Jim. Look after dem rebels, hey? Das wot dey tole me. Wonder if I can wake 'em up. Dar's one I reckon can't be woked up berry easy. (*Rouses the soldiers with considerable effort, makes them take up the body of Sharpe, and all go out R.*)

SCENE 4.—Room in Bailey's house.

[*Enter ALICE, R.*]

Alice. How terribly the battle is raging! They must be making a desperate effort to carry the works at the brick yard. (*Sound of distant cannonading.*) Oh! how those fearful reports strike terror and dismay to my heart. How terrible is the suspense, when the dearest object on earth is exposed to death. It is my duty and my sentiment to kneel and offer up a prayer for the noble defenders of our sacred soil, and implore the God of Battles to give us the victory. But I cannot,—no, I cannot. My lips, indeed, might shape the words, but there is only one prayer in my heart to-day, and

that is constantly ascending to the God of Love: "Spare, oh, spare the life of Charles Sanford!" (*Noise without.*) What cry is that? What means this confusion? The noise of the battle has ceased. Surely, those are not the shouts of victory?

[*Enter MRS. BAILEY, R., terribly excited.*]

Mrs. B. Mercy on us! what shall we do? Every one of our men that isn't killed dead is running for his life through the streets, towards Kingston. The Yankees will soon be here, and then we shall all be murdered.

Alice. Ah! it is indeed so, for the enemy's flag is already raised over the city. Oh, hateful standard! Can I ever live beneath it?

[*Enter EMMA, R.*]

Emma. (*Enthusiastically.*) Oh, Alice! the Old Flag once more floats over Newbern. Look at the flag beneath which we were reared—the Old Flag that so long protected us, again bringing the promise of hope and peace.

Mrs. B. (*Looking from the window.*) Oh, mercy on us! There are some of the Yankees coming down the street, and I do believe they are coming right straight to this house. Run, run, girls, and hide yourselves somewhere! [*Exit R.*]

Alice. Come, Emma, we had better leave this room, for I see they are really coming here.

Emma. You may go, if you wish, but I shall remain, for if I mistake not, there is some one approaching whom I wish to see.

Alice. Well, if you choose, you may stay and welcome with smiles the invaders of our homes. But I will leave, lest in my indignation I might say that which would add greater peril to our situation. [*Exit R.*]

Emma. It is indeed George Holmes! My prayer

has been answered! He has escaped the perils of the battle, and is coming to tell me of the glorious victory.

[*Enter Capt. HOLMES, L.*]

Oh, George! have you passed through the battle unharmed?

Capt. Yes, and victory is ours, and the flag you so honor and revere floats over your home once more. Yes, I have passed through the battle unharmed, but all have not been so fortunate. Many lives have been sacrificed to-day. One of the bravest and noblest of our regiment is mortally wounded. Charles Sanford has but a few hours to live. We were on the left,—our company bore the colors. Color-sergeant after color-sergeant was shot down. At length the colors themselves went down, and for awhile lay upon the ground, some distance in advance of the line of battle. For the moment no one had the daring to raise them. Our men fell fast. The line wavered. The enemy, who were close at hand, saw our condition and resolved upon capturing the flag. With terrible yells they leaped from their rifle-pits, and rushed towards the colors. Charles, perceiving the danger, instantly rushed forward and seized the flag, waved it above his head, and shouted to his men to follow. With a cheer, the men rallied, and drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The fire became more deadly, but Charles yet waved the flag, though severely wounded. At length he fell, still clinging to the flag and waving it aloft, till the foe retreated. We could not leave him, and bore him with us. But with a tenacious grasp he still clings to the flag, and his bleeding form is now wrapped in its sacred folds. We thought it fitting to bring him here, and I see the men are coming with him.

(*Slow and impressive Music.* Charles Sanford is borne

in on a stretcher by two soldiers, who set set him down in front and retire. He is clinging to the folds of a flag that lays across his body. All gaze upon him in solemn silence.)

Capt. I fear he has breathed his last. (*Takes hold of the flag, and the grasp of Charles tightens.*) No, life still remains, for his grasp tightens when I attempt to remove the flag. How he must love it; his whole soul seems centered in this devotion.

[*Enter ALICE.*]

Alice. Is he dead?

Capt. No, but only a spark of life remains.

Alice. Oh, if he could only awake to consciousness long enough for me to ask his forgiveness; never till now have I realized how much I have wronged him. Oh, he must hear me. (*Kneeling.*) Charles, Charles Sanford!

[*Charles awakes and is raised up by Capt. Holmes.*]

Charles. Where is the Flag?

Capt. Here, Charles, all safe.

Charles. Did not some one call me?

Alice. It was Alice. Charles, do you not know me?

Charles. You here, Alice? How came you on the field?

Capt. We are in Mr. Bailey's house, Charles, and Burnside holds the city of Newbern.

Charles. Then God be thanked! (*Sinks back.*)

Alice. Oh, Charles you must listen to me!

Charles. I am most gone. Alice, you must speak quickly.

Alice. Oh, Charles! I have loved you more and treated you worse than any being on earth. While the battle was raging to-day, I was almost driven to distraction by the thought that you might fall and I never see you again—never to ask your forgiveness

here. I tried to pray for the success of our arms, but could pray for none but you. Oh, Charles, I know I am not deserving it, but will you not heed my pleading for mercy. Will you, will you not forgive me for all the wrong I have done you?

Charles. It is all forgiven, Alice. Death will soon reconcile all between you and me. But the Old Flag, Alice,—is there not an atonement needed there? I have stood by the Old Flag, Alice, and have sacrificed my life in its defense; with my dying grasp I have clung to it, resolving to relinquish it to none but you. I love the Old Flag, oh, how I love it; and it is indeed fitting that a thing so sacred to me should be my dying gift to you. Here, take it and cherish it for my sake, and when you look upon its tattered folds, stained with my life blood, and recall those happy days of the past, when your love for me and the Old Flag was one, you may feel that you have some share in the sacrifice. I thank God that we are reconciled at last. We may yet meet in Heaven, where there is but one flag, the bright banner of the cross.

Alice. God bless you, Charles, for this, God bless you. We will meet in Heaven, we will!

Charles. Is there nothing more, Alice?

Alice. No more; it was your pardon that I craved, and with the noble generous heart of Charles Sanford you have granted it. God bless you!

Charles. Then, Alice, I have a favor to ask of you. It is the last request I shall ever make. Will you not, kneeling here before God, swear allegiance forever to the Old Flag?

Alice. (*Rising.*) Oh, Charles! why should you require this of me?"

[*Enter BAILEY.*]

Charles. Then you will not do it? I have had

strong hopes of seeing both you and your father return to loyalty before I died; for you must surely do it sometime, if you live.

Bailey. And I will do it now.

Charles. God bless you, Mr. Bailey! I knew your heart was right; and now, that it may seem a reality, will you not kneel beneath the flag and take the oath I repeat?

(Music. Emma brings forward a flag, and standing back of Charles, raises it over his form. Bailey L. Alice R.)

Charles. Before God and these witnesses, you do solemnly swear allegiance forever. *(The voice of Charles falters, and Emma continues.)*

Emma. In the presence of God and these witnesses, you do solemnly swear allegiance forever to the Old Flag, the flag of our Union, the flag beneath which Washington fought—the flag for which Charles Sanford dies.

Bailey. (Kneeling.) I swear it.

Alice. (Closely watched by Charles, and slowly kneeling.) Before God, I, too, take this oath.

(Impressive music. Charles dies. Captain Holmes and Emma draw out the flag, and kneel as if to throw it over him. With uplifted eyes, the characters form a tableau. Red light. The scene rises, showing an appropriate Allegorical Tableau.)

CURTAIN.

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